

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

NOV. 22, 1896.

Memory is the golden thread linking all the mental gifts and excellences together. E. P. Hood.

For Every Other Sunday.

NOVEMBER.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

NOVEMBER winds are sad and lorn;
They shake the dead leaves on the tree,—
But stay—amid the browning grass
The golden pumpkins laugh at me.

My summer birds away have flown,
To sing by southern river's flow;
But still I hear on every breeze
The ever-cheerful rooster's crow.

My roses drooped and paled in June,
Beneath a bluer, kindlier sky,
But in the storehouse, sweets on sweet,
The rosy apples pile, waist high.

Ah, gone each sweet of field and flower,
Yet from afar to me there rise
The scents of puddings wonderful,
Of cranberry sauce and rare mince pies.

Yon turkey, strutting in the corn,
Would never carry heart so gay,
Could he but look ahead and see
What's bound to come—Thanksgiving Day.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW A THANKSGIVING GREW.

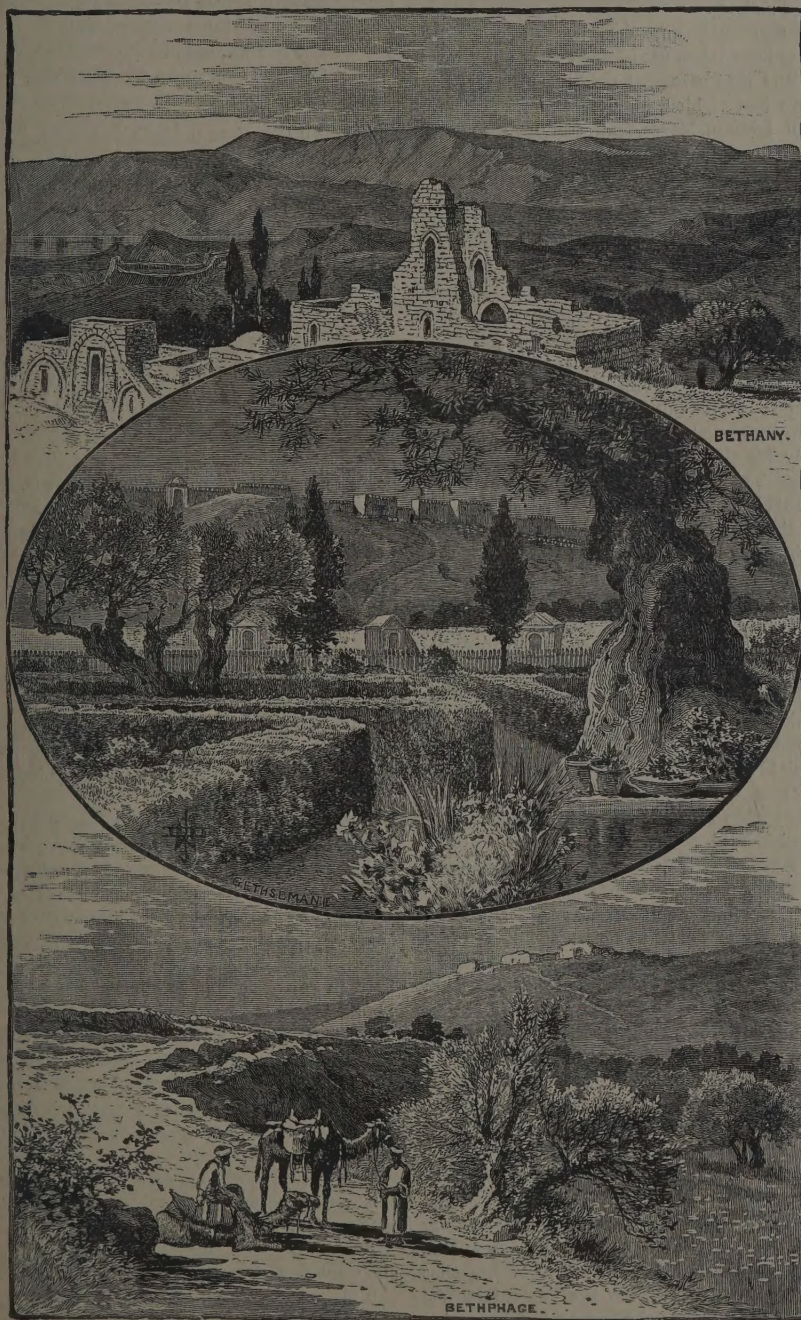
BY OLIVE E. DANA.

IT was when the violets were blossoming, and the air had hardly lost the scent of the Mayflowers, when the robins had gone to housekeeping, all of them, and one daring bobolink was carolling in a tall elm, that Ned and Lois Keene were sent out into their father's west field to "drop" beans and pumpkin seeds. Up and down, beside the straight even furrows left open for them, they went with lagging steps.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lois, as she loosened her sun-bonnet, and gave the pail she carried an impatient shake,— "it does seem as if it was twelve o'clock now, and these tiresome beans aren't half used up! It'll take us all day!"

"Maybe you don't put enough in," her brother answered, "though it isn't twelve o'clock, nor more than half-past ten, I think. There's the noon-mark,—father showed it to me the other day."

"Well, I don't care for the noon-mark, nor what time it is," she returned pettishly. "I'm tired, and I'm tired of counting beans! And I put in just what father told me to,—five in a hill. And you can see what a piece of ground there is to go over now."



"And I'm as hungry as a bear," her brother rejoined, shaking his basket of pumpkin-seeds impatiently. "Where's the luncheon mother gave us?"

"All safe, under the big tree over by the old house," Lois answered, pointing across the field to a wood-colored house with uncurtained windows, around which many vines and a tangle of lilacs and wild-roses were growing. "But we said, you know, we'd get all done, first, and then go over and play we were moving in."

"I didn't know 't would take so long, or I'd be so hungry," Ned said soberly.

He turned to his task with a sigh, but it was Lois who, said, very shortly:—

"We've planted pumpkin-seeds enough for half the town! We always do have 'em to give to all the neighbors, and send to the folks in town, and feed to the cows besides. And as for pumpkin pies, I don't believe I shall ever want to see any!—nor beans either! I've a good mind to throw the rest away."

She did not mean it, when she began; but she had said it, and the children stood looking at each other, doubtful, and more than half-ashamed. And it ended in Ned's tossing the beans, in great handfuls, over into the woods near by, in whose thick shade nothing could grow, and in their burying the pumpkin-seeds in some holes he made in the ground, just beyond the old house, where no one would be likely to go in a long while.

And then, putting it all out of their minds as well as they could, they ate their luncheon, explored the premises,—as they had a habit of doing whenever they could get a "play-spell" in the vicinity,—went hunting for polliwogs in the little brook that went singing across the pasture, and went home to dinner at noon with a good appetite, if not an easy conscience.

Their mother thought they looked hot and uneasy, and keen-eyed brother Allan wondered "what mischief they had been into, this time;" but having an especially troublesome bit of Euclid on his hands, which he was trying to work out by himself, and his father's monthly accounts to straighten, and help to give in the fields beside, he did not stop to question them.

As it chanced, a late frost destroyed the young vines before there was time to see where the scant sowing had broken off, and the hurried later planting the men themselves did.

It was three months later, when the leaves were reddening, and the apples growing mellow, that another boy and girl—older than Ned and Lois—stood together in the field behind the old house, looking about them as if for some reason they were very well content. The girl was gathering blackberries, and the boy had made a birchen cup to hold them, and now was helping her.

"For father's supper,—though there's likely to be plenty for us all," the girl said. "Isn't it nice to see him eat something again, and begin to look rested?"

She looked back at the house as she spoke. It had lost its deserted look; for white curtains swung at the windows, the hedge had been trimmed, and the little lawn been mown, while on the porch were easy-chairs, and a hammock gay with pillows, where a long form, stretched languidly, betrayed an invalid's presence.

"He ought to stay a year, Doctor Carr says," she added, sighing.

"He can't go back to college, anyway," the boy said decidedly. "I do wish we had come earlier,—I could have done something. I'd have had a garden, for one thing. Wild things are well enough, but—Now, what in the world—"

He had found some great spreading leaves on the ground, and looked up, laughing. "Pumpkins, I do declare! And here's another, and another, and two or three more! They belong to us, anyway, and pumpkin pies are n't to be sniffed at, anywhere!"

"We can take them home with us," said his sister, touching the green globes daintily. "I always did want to have a Thanksgiving in the country."

They remembered this conversation a month later, when the letter came saying that the A. and F. stock had discontinued its dividends for the present. They were all rather sober over it, but they brightened up over the father's assurance that it was doubtless only for the time,—the company was perfectly reliable. But what were they all to do in the meantime?

"Why, my interest money will keep us up nicely, for a while," mother said cheerily. "Or it would if we were going to be here. Rents are so high, at home! And, dearie me,—how are we going to get home? Moving is expensive."

"We shall just have to make this home," declared Patty, gayly. "T would n't be any great make-believe!"

And this was what they did do, Tom and Patty going to work at once to make the old house snug and cheery for the winter coming. It was not so much to be regretted, they agreed, for Professor Perley's health was by no means firm, and now he could just give "special attention" to his own young people, for a time, and by and by work a little on the book he had had in hand so long.

Mamma and Patty unpacked books and pictures that had not been taken out at first; they hung warm draperies, and they arranged the treasures that field and pasture had yielded, of moss and ferns, scarlet berries and crimson leaves, and trailing evergreen. They had delightful mornings in the kitchen, too, poring over old-time recipes, and compounding—

"Candied apple, quince, and plum and gourd,
With jellies, smoother, soother, than the creamy curd."

They made friends with their neighbors, and Ned and Lois were at the little house every day, to spend long afternoons with Rose and Walter, while Allan and Hannah came now and then.

And so, with a homely providing that seemed to have a great deal of comfort in it, it was all so evidently just what suited their needs, and had seemed to come so straight from God's hand, they made ready for the Thanksgiving.

And just then another letter came, which told them that their little income had been again cut in two for a time. They had one dreary evening and anxious night, and then mamma smiled again, and said it might have been a great deal worse, and that they had more than ever to be thankful for, and she and Patty were going to make the Thanksgiving pies that very day,—for it was Tuesday of Thanksgiving week; and that Tom must dress a pair of chickens.

And she did not "scrimp," nor look forlorn; and she remembered to send two of the pies, with a loaf of bread and a pat of butter, and a glass of jelly, across the field to Widow Brown, and another basket to Jerry Barton, under the hill.

It chanced that Mr. Keene's hired man was at Jerry's; and he said, at home,—

"I don't see where they got their pumpkins, though," telling of it. "Mis' Keene told me to carry them over a couple of ours, and I forgot it entirely."

Ned gave a startled look at Lois, and Lois blushed, and looked anxious, and Allan, who saw the glance, won from them the whole story. It seemed to their father so good a one that he had to drop in at the Perleys', and tell them about it that very evening. And before the evening was over, they had told him something of their circumstances,—for it did not seem quite frank or honest not to, now that they meant to stay for a time.

And he had a confidence to give, and an anxiety to tell, in his turn. It was about Allan, struggling away with his Virgil and Anabasis and geometry all by himself, and well-nigh ready to "give it up," in sheer discouragement; and Hannah, fretting over the lessons in French and German and literature that she longed to go on with, from the beginnings she had made in the city when she had made a long visit there last year.

The L— schools were too far away, and even the

district school would soon close for the winter. If they could have lessons at home, or some hours with a teacher,—or if even Allan and Hannah could have some help only! You can guess how the conference ended; what light hearts he left at the brown house, and what good news he carried to Allan and Hannah, and kept for Ned and Lois—the rogues, they did n't deserve it!—next morning.

And so they kept Thanksgiving with a gladness more real and a thankfulness more tender because of the need that had seemed near, and the goodness of God that had prevented it. The chance sowing of wilful, childish hands had been made to yield a harvest of blessing. They cannot yet measure the joys of friendship and opportunity that will grow out of it. But Ned and Lois blush at the mention of pumpkin-seeds until this day.

HARVEST HYMN.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, may we come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There, forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

HENRY ALFORD.

For Every Other Sunday.

ELSIE'S LESSON.

BY GRACE A. CANNON.

MAMMA was busy getting the house in order for the coming of Aunt Alice for a week at Easter. She had dusted, arranged the rooms in order, and with Bridget's assistance had cooked many dainties and done many other things until she was tired from overwork.

"Now, mamma," said Elsie, as she got up from the breakfast-table the first morning in vacation, "I'm going to be good this morning and help you all I can. What can I do now?" she asked, as she stood by her chair and surveyed the room with a critical air.

"I don't know of anything just now, Elsie; but if I find you can help me any later, I'll call you. There may be some errands to do, or something of that kind."

Elsie tossed her yellow curls from her face and ran into the sitting-room. She took a puzzle up from the table which she and her father had been studying the night before, and became much interested.

"Elsie," called her mother from the dining-room; "Elsie, dear, come here."

"In just a minute, mamma. I think I see through this puzzle, after all. I'll come in two seconds, mamma."

The two seconds lengthened into five minutes, then she went to find her mother.

"There's nothing now, Elsie," she said, in answer to her daughter's inquiries. "I thought you might have watered these plants, but I have just finished them."

"I'm sorry, mamma; but if there is anything more I can do, you'll call me, won't you?"

"Yes," said her mother, quietly, "I'll call you."

Elsie ran back into the sitting-room again. There was her book lying half-opened on the table just as she had left it yesterday. She took it up and curled herself in an arm-chair. Soon she was turning the leaves excitedly, and had no thought for anything outside the story.

"Elsie, Elsie," came her mother's voice from the top of the stairway, "where are you?"

"In the sitting-room, mamma. Anything you'd like me to do? Just as soon as I finish this chapter I'll come right up. Will that do?" And without waiting for a reply, she continued reading.

Two or three minutes passed and Elsie was at her mother's side. "What is it, mamma? You called me for something, didn't you? What can I do?"

"You are too late to help me now," replied her mother, a little sternly. "I let the duster fall over the balustrade, and I wanted you to bring it up to me; but I was in a hurry, so did it myself."

"Mamma!" exclaimed Elsie, with a little frown. "Why didn't you call me again? I'm awfully sorry, but I thought it would do just as well after I'd finished that chapter."

She went for her book again. "Just two chapters more and then it will be finished," she thought to herself. "Then I shall have all the rest of the morning to help mamma."

She went on reading for another quarter of an hour. Then she laid her book down and began to wonder if her mother needed her. As she got up from her chair her mother came into the sitting-room.

"Now, mamma," began Elsie, as her mother sat down to rest a moment, "it's only eleven o'clock, and I can do anything you want me to until dinner-time. Do let me do something. I have n't helped you at all yet."

"Everything has been done, Elsie," replied her mother, a little gravely. "I called you twice, you know; but you failed to come when I needed you."

Elsie's face fell, and she looked guilty.

"You'll have to learn to be prompt, little daughter, and not put off work that must be done by some one before pleasure. Five minutes delay, or even five seconds, sometimes may do a great deal of harm."

"I meant to be good, mamma. You know I said I was going to help you."

"It is a good thing to make resolutions, Elsie, but it is still better to keep them. Don't you think so, dear?"

"Yes, I s'pose so," answered Elsie, reflectively. "I think I'll have less makings and more keepings, mamma; and perhaps I can learn to be prompt at the same time. At any rate, I'll try."

"Then if you try very hard, dear, you'll be sure to succeed." And for a moment a smile chased away the weary look on her mother's face.

Some are so very studious of learning what was done by the ancients that they know not how to live with the moderns.

WILLIAM PENN.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,—
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

For Every Other Sunday.

A SPOOL OF COTTON.

BY M. F. PLUMER.

PLEASE, Auntie T., tell Nannie a story; I am so tired of play!" and the wee girl of four looked up into my face with such a winsome way that I at once took her into my lap.

"A story, Nannie? why, Auntie has told you so many; she does not know any new ones. Why do you not play with your dollie?"

"I tired of Dottie; she has ungrown her dresses. Tell about when you were a little girl. Did you like to play with your dollies, and love to hear stories?"

"Yes, my dear; I used to like to play as well as you, little Nannie, and when bed-time came was only too glad to hear a story, only it was, 'Mamma, tell me what you used to do when you were a little girl.' Did I ever tell you about my first spool of thread?"

"No."

"Well, once on a time, when your mamma and Auntie T. were little girls, their grandmother gave them a spool of cotton. The spool was given to both, but the little girls thought that each would like a spool of her own. The question was how to wind it off of the spool and then have two instead of one.

"One bright day they both went out into the field with the spool. Your mamma took the end of the thread, Auntie the spool, both walking from one another, unwinding all the time. After it was all off the spool, the little girls met with both ends of the thread and a spool in their hands; then each began to wind on her spool.

"Oh! what a time they had, for the thread was all tangled up,—now on a clover head, then on a poor little daisy, and some of it went around poor Timothy-grass's neck,—I cannot help laughing now when I think of it; and what a time the little girls had!"

"Did they wind the thread all up?"

"No, my dear; it was in such a tangle that they left more than half of it on the large field. Perhaps the spider took some of it to mend his web, or the golden robin to make her nest for her wee birdies. She wants nice strong thread in her nest so the wind will not break it when it rocks her cradle; for it is the wind that rocks the cradle, and not the mamma bird; did you know that?"

"I think if the little grandmother had seen the two little girls with the thread and the time they

were having, she would have given them each a spool.

"What a funny sight the grass must have been with so much thread on it. A spool of cotton is said to have a hundred yards on it, but we thought that our spool had more.

"I hope that the grasshoppers or the crickets did not get caught in it when they gave a long jump.

"This was in the days when the dolls did not have nice long hair like your dollies, for the hair was painted on. Mamma once gave us some yellow ribbon, and we thought it would make such pretty hair for our dollies after it was unravelled. We left just enough for a good parting. In this way we made our dolls a nice head of hair, having glued it on so it could not come off. I think it was such a bright thought, and we were very proud of our yellow-haired babies.

"Some time I will tell you more about these funny little girls,—one is now your mamma, the other, Auntie T."

For Every Other Sunday.

A HAPPY SURPRISE.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

IT was a very happy heart that Joey Wing tucked under the ragged quilt that night. Mother had promised to take the six children to the beach the next day, and the joy in six little hearts was very great.

No, indeed, there was no boat-ride, not even a car-ride to dream about, for pennies were very scarce in that home, and mother had none to spare.

But the beach was only three miles away, and if they all helped to push the baby's carriage it would not be very hard to walk, and then the fun of the splashing waves and the warm sand!

The sun was bright the next morning, and the six little Wings flew about merrily, helping mamma about the work so they could set out for their long walk in good season.

Joey, the eldest, was but just eleven, and the baby not quite a year old, and every one of the six had a clean face and well-combed hair, if the clothes were old and faded.

The rolling waves and the white sand soon made them forget their long walk, and they laughed and played tag and had as merry a time as six little folks could have.

The bread-and-cheese dinner never tasted any better, though they did look longingly at the lemonade and peanut stands as they went by.

But by and by such a wonderful thing happened!

Joey was standing near the "Merry-go-round," watching the wooden horses fly by with the children on their backs, when a lady spoke to him.

"Do you like to ride on those, my boy?" she said with a smile.

Joey looked up in surprise and said, "I never rode on 'em, but I think it must be nice."

The lady watched him as he turned to amuse the little ones, and a kind thought came to her mind.

Stepping up to the mother with a pleasant smile she said, "If you are willing I would like to give the children a ride, and you also, so the baby can enjoy it in your arms."

Such a happy set of children as flocked about her, I am sure you never saw!

The next time the music began and the wooden horses began to prance to it, they were all a part of the grand procession they had watched so eagerly, and when it was all over, a big bag of peanuts completed their happiness, and then they went home to talk and dream about their wonderful day at the beach and its happy surprise.



DONKEY BOYS—EGYPT.

For Every Other Sunday.

THANKSGIVING.

Not one day only thanks to give,
The while the year pursues its way,
But rather every day we live —
Be bright Thanksgiving Day!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW MANY THREADS FINE?

BY J. F. COWAN.

OH, what a queer little pocket looking-glass!
Let me see it, won't you please, papa?"

"You may see it, certainly," answered Mr. Hopkins, as he handed the small object in his hand to Elsie. "But you'll find that it is anything but a pocket looking-glass."

"You didn't think your papa so vain," teased Mrs. Hopkins.

"What is it then?" asked Elsie. "Don't a great many gentlemen carry pocket looking-glasses?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered her papa, "but this does n't happen to be one. It's a small magnifying glass which I use in my business for examining cloth."

"To see if there are any tiny little holes in it," asked Elsie, curiously, — "such as mamma finds when the moths have gotten into garments?"

"No," answered her papa, "but to determine the quality or fineness of texture." As he spoke he took the little glass from Elsie's fingers and held it over his coat sleeve in its proper position.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Elsie as she gazed, "it makes it look as coarse as — as carpet almost. I thought you said it was to see how fine the goods were."

"Yes, that's it exactly," answered her father; "although it makes it look coarse by magnifying it, yet it helps me to see how fine it is because I can count each thread. The little glass, you see, is just an inch square, and we count so many threads to the inch for a certain grade or quality of goods."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Elsie, suddenly crying out in amazement. She had been toying with the glass, and in doing so had shifted it from her papa's coat

sleeve to her own hand, and now she was startled at the glimpse she got of her own soft, fine white skin, so magnified as to look red and coarse and rough.

"Yes," laughed her papa, "it has turned the tables on you nicely, has n't it? Your hand looks as coarse as a rhinoceros's hide."

Elsie pushed it away with a look of repulsion on her face. She did not like the tale it told.

"You look shocked, but how would you feel if you knew that all the time you were under such a glass as that — not your skin, or your hair, or your clothes, but your manners, your conduct, your character?"

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Elsie in surprise, "are people coarse or fine just as their clothes or hair or skins are?"

"Of course they are, my dear," answered her mamma. "There are some boys and girls whose manners have been so neglected that their coarseness is actually disgusting. There is as much difference between them and a really well-bred child as there is between the finest silk and the coarsest of cocoanut matting. Everybody who meets them is made to feel that they are coarse-grained people. Perhaps they are not so much to be blamed for that as pitied, because their opportunities for refinement have been very few."

Elsie listened to her mother's words with a little shudder, and looked very thoughtful for a moment or two before she asked: "And, mamma, are there boys and girls who are like the piece of silk papa was showing us, that was fine and nice all through, but now and then had a rough or coarse place where the weavers had not done their work carefully?"

"Yes," said her mamma, "I'm sorry to say there are children who are brought up in the best of families, and with the utmost care and painstaking, whom you would expect to find refined and gentle in their manners all the time, yet who have coarse spots in them where they have forgotten what they have been taught, or where they have learned more rapidly from some rude vulgar playmate than they have from their parents and friends at home."

Elsie hung her head and blushed, for she remembered how she had sometimes thought her mamma rather strict in her training of her, and had preferred

the example set her by Sadie Gray, or Susie Botts, or some of her companions who were not just so nice as they ought to be.

Finally she raised her head and said: "Mamma, if my whole life is under a glass like that, and everybody can see and count the number of threads in my manners and character, I ought to try to be like the finest of silk, ought n't I?"

"Yes," answered her mamma, "for then you would be put to the highest and best uses. If you are fit only for a foot-mat, you will have to take a foot-mat's place in society — outside the door; but if you stand the tests of society, you will be welcomed to the inmost chambers of friendship and esteem among the ribbons and laces and fine linens."

THE CAT'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

"GIVE me turkey for my dinner,"
Said a tabby cat.

"Before you get it you'll be thinner;
Go and catch a rat,"
Said the cook, her pastry making,
Looking fierce and red,
And a heavy roller shaking
Over Pussy's head.

Hark! her kittens' shriller mewing;

"Give us pie," said they
To the cook, amid her stewing,
On Thanksgiving Day.
"Pie, indeed! you idle creatures!
Who'd have thought of that?
Wash your paws and faces neater,
And go hunt. 'Scat! 'Scat!'"

So they went and did their duty,
Diligent and still:
Exercise improved their beauty,
As it always will.

Useful work and early rising
Brought a merry mood,
And they found the cook's advising,
Though severe, was good.

Youth's Companion.

A FAMILIAR NAME.

DID you ever think why we call the cat puss? A great many years ago, the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshipped the cat. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed, just as the moon changes, which is sometimes full and sometimes only a little right crescent or half-moon as we say. Did you ever notice your pussy's eyes to see how they change? So these people made an idol with the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for the word means the face of the moon. That word has been changed to *pas* or *puss*, and has come at last to be *puss*, the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and pussy cat are pet names for kitty everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?

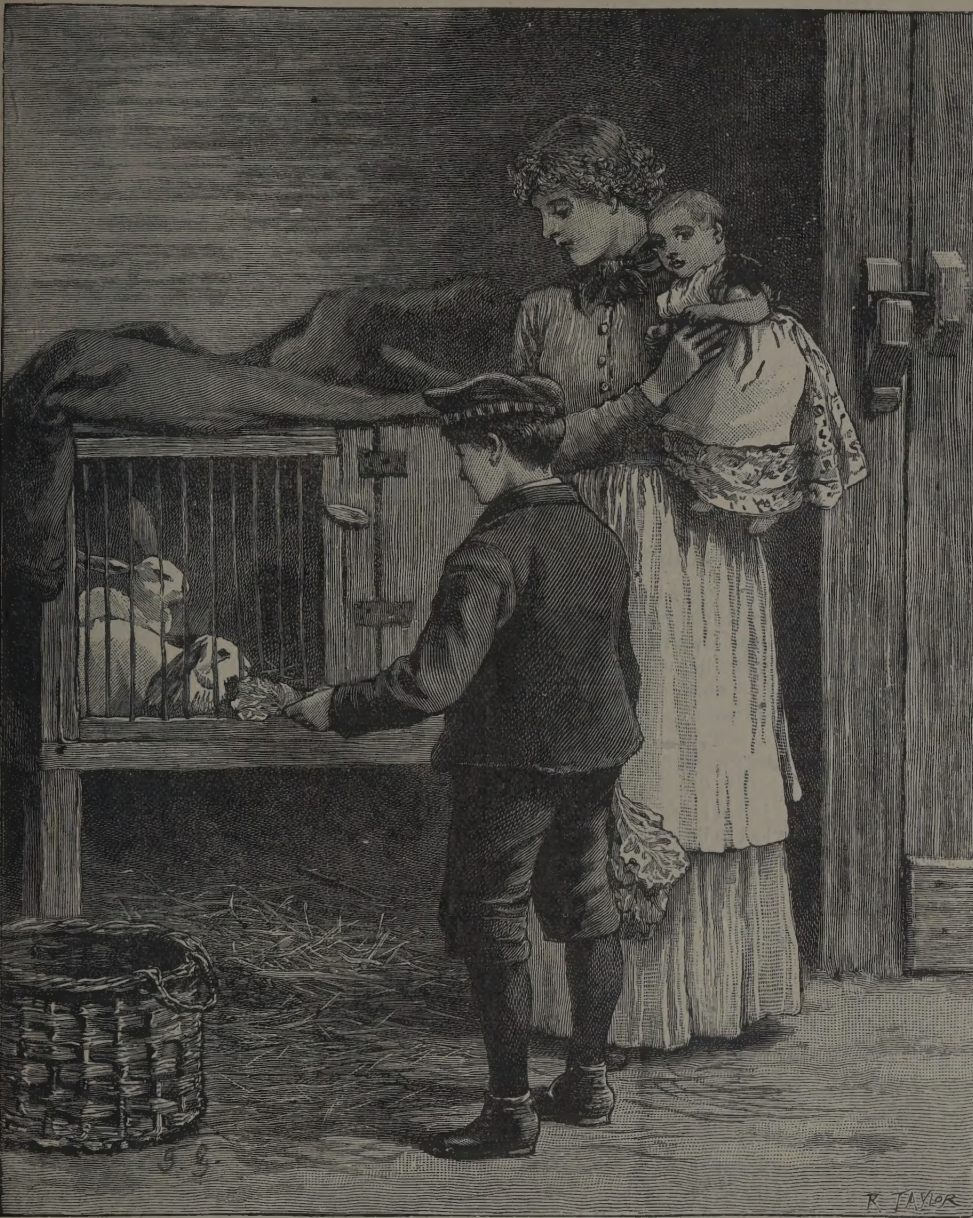
Harper's Young People.

For Every Other Sunday.

NOVEMBER.

Ah! How oft she veils her coldness
In a tender mist of tears:
With amends for dearth and dulness
Bids us to the *Feast of Years!*

M. A. D.



THE RABBITS' BREAKFAST.

*Observe thyself as thy greatest enemy would do ;
so shalt thou be thy greatest friend.*

JEREMY TAYLOR.

THANKSGIVING.

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

The toil they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

The kindness to our fathers, shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

JAMES FLINT.

For Every Other Sunday

BENNY'S THANKSGIVING PROMISE.

BY AUNTIE BETH.

O MAMMA, Freddie Carrol is an awful naughty boy!"

"What makes you think so, Benny?"

"He is n't thankful."

"Is n't he? How did my little boy find that out?"

"Why, I've tellin' him that Thanksgiving Day comes next week, and he said — 'What of it?' I never liked Freddie Carrol one mite, but when he said that, I told him it was a day to be very thankful, and he said he was n't thankful, and he would n't be either."

"How did you know so much about the day, Benny? Little folks don't usually think much of anything except sport on any holiday."

"Well, me and grandma was talking about things last Sunday night, and she told me how we came to have Thanksgiving days, all 'bout the hard times they had in the country lots and lots of years ago, and how when there was corn enough to keep the people from starving, they were so thankful that they had a meetin' to praise God, and then had the best little feast they could get up. Grandma said that

even little boys and girls ought to think of what monstrous lots of good things God gives us nowadays, and ought to be thankful." And Benny looked very knowing.

"Do you suppose Freddie Carrol's grandma ever tells him such things, Benny?"

"Freddie has n't got any grandma; he told me so once when I was talkin' 'bout mine."

"Well, his father then; do you suppose he does?"

"Why, mamma Perkins! don't you remember, Freddie's father died last summer, just before we went into the country? I do!"

"Oh, yes, so he did. Poor little boy; I wonder if his mother will get a very large turkey for dinner Thanksgiving Day, or if they will have much company when the day comes."

Benny opened his eyes as wide as they would go. "I'm 'fraid you forgot all about the Carrols, mamma," he said.

"Why so, Benny?"

"'Cause they're so poor. Freddie does n't wear such nice clothes as the other boys do, and at recess time, he just stands round and watches Harry Mears and me eat our luncheon. He never has any; once in a while we give him a bite of something we don't want."

Mamma Perkins was pretty wise, just as good mothers are likely to be, and she had noticed several times that little Master Benny had a way of speaking about his mates that was not very kind. And now the way he spoke of Freddie Carrol showed he thought Benny Perkins was a much better and more thankful boy than naughty Freddie Carrol. It was time Benny was taught a lesson.

It was so quiet for a while that Benny began to wish his mamma would say something, and pretty soon she did say, "I do hope we shall be able to have grandma here Thanksgiving Day."

Open went Benny's eyes again. Why, there had never been a Thanksgiving Day since he could remember that his dear grandma had not been with them.

"Of course grandma will be here!" he said.

"What makes you say such funny things, mamma?"

"But we might not be able to ask her, if anything happened to papa."

"Well, I guess!" exclaimed Benny, his little round throat giving a queer throb as he held his head back in astonishment. He loved grandma, he loved mamma, but oh! he was so proud of great tall papa, with shining nickels always in his pocket, and his kind voice, and great dark eyes that made Benny afraid to disobey, and his strong, gentle care of grandma, who lived near by, and mamma, and his little boy Benny.

"What is it you guess?" asked mamma, as Benny stopped, and that throb got a little stronger.

"That we could n't have anything happen to my papa."

"But there might, Benny dear. I do not wish to trouble my boy with anything I say. God takes care of us all, and He always would take care of us no matter what he sent, but it is through dear papa we have our pleasant home, and can have a turkey dinner, and invite grandma to come and spend the day with us."

"And Benny, who is it gives you your nice clothes, your good luncheons, and the books and toys you like so well?"

"God does, but papa pays for them," said Benny, and the little boy's voice sounded very differently from what it did when he began talking.

"Yes," said mamma, "that is very true; everything we have comes from God, and He gives papa the health and strength to work for us, so he can pay for all these comforts. But suppose papa should be sick, and no money was coming in, and we could n't afford a dinner good enough to ask grandma to, and your clothes became shabby and faded, and there was n't food enough for Bridget to put you up a luncheon for recess time — it would be hard, would n't it?"

"I wouldn't want to be a little livin' boy any more," said Benny.

"Well, now," began mamma, more brightly, "I think perhaps it would be a good plan for you to ask naughty Freddie Carrol to-morrow why he is not thankful, only be careful to ask him when none of the other boys are around, because he might not like to have them hear what he would say."

Then mamma went right out of the room, and the next thing Benny knew she was going down street somewhere, and she did n't come home till just before supper time, so there was n't a chance to say a word to her alone until she came, as she always did when possible, to hear Benny say "Now I lay me down to sleep,"—after he was all snugly tucked into bed.

As soon as the prayer was finished, Benny said, very softly: "Mamma, I don't want to ask Freddie Carrol why he is n't thankful, and I don't think he's naughty any more." But mamma began:—

"Well, but it is wrong not to be grateful, Benny, as long as any one is alive and well, and has the sunlight and the air, and can go to school and have the other boys give the luncheon they don't want—"

"Oh! but, mamma," burst out Benny, "if I did n't have grandma, and if papa was n't here to be my papa any more, and if we were poor, and I had to go without turkey, and nice clothes, and lunches, as Freddie has to, what could I do, mamma? Oh, I wish I had n't called poor Freddie awful bad! It's me that's naughty, and it's me I don't like, not Freddie Carrol!"

Benny's voice was so full of tears that mamma said, in a comforting tone, "I know what I think would be nice, Benny, very nice!"

"What is it, mamma?"

"I think it would be beautiful for a little fellow who has so many things, to try to make another little fellow thankful who has n't them."

Up sat Benny in bed. "Mamma, just tell me how I can make Freddie thankful, will you please? Oh, may I give him the big silver dollar Uncle Ben gave me last week? I've been wondering what I could spend it for; oh, please, may I?"

"Well, now, we'll talk it all over to-morrow," said mamma, "and I'll promise you this, that you shall do something to make Freddie have a pleasant Thanksgiving Day, and to try to make the little boy grateful. But I want you to make me a promise that you can always call your Thanksgiving promise if you like, and that is that you will try not to speak unkindly again of any of your little mates. See how soon your feelings changed toward Freddie when you stopped to think suppose you were in Freddie's place."

Benny was very sober, and was very much in earnest when he promised to do as his good mamma advised; then she said he must go quietly to sleep, and leave all the rest of the planning until the next day.

When Benny started for school next morning he was in a great hurry to get there, for he wanted to talk with Freddie Carrol, if he could, before school commenced. Mamma had said yes, he might take the great silver dollar and buy a nice chicken for Freddie and his mother the day before Thanksgiving, and she would add some vegetables, mamma would, and a pie, some nuts and raisins. But not another little soul but Freddie must hear a word about it, because mamma said it took away from a kind deed to talk about it before others.

That night came Uncle Ben to see Benny, his little namesake, of whom he was very fond.

"Well, little mister," said Uncle Ben, "have you spent your big round dollar yet? and is it almost time to have another?"

"Tisn't gone yet," said Benny, "but it's goin' before Thanksgiving. May I tell him about it, mamma?"

"It's a pretty long story," laughed mamma, "but you can tell Uncle Ben if you want to, as he gave you the dollar."

And Benny told it all truthfully. How he had called poor Freddie naughty and unthankful; how sorry he was afterwards; the promise he made and meant to keep. Then he added:—

"But oh, Uncle Ben! You oughter seen Freddie's eyes stick out when I told him about the dinner he was goin' to have, and the pair of shoes that mamma had found for him. My! he was the thankfullest little fellow there ever was—'cept me!"

And if Uncle Ben did n't say he was going to put a piece of money in Freddie's Thanksgiving basket, because he thought he ought to do something in particular to show how thankful he was to the dear Father in Heaven for all His goodness.

"Just think, mamma, wasn't that nice!" cried Benny, hopping about with delight.

"That is the way kind words and kind deeds are very likely to spread," said mamma, "but so are unkind words too, my little son, so don't ever forget your Thanksgiving promise."

AN INDIGNANT SCHOLAR.

Such a horrid jogafray lesson!

Cities and mountains and lakes,

And the longest, crookedest rivers,

Just wriggling about like snakes.

I tell you I wish Columbus

Had n't heard the earth was a ball,

And started to find new countries

That folks did n't need at all.

Now would n't it be too lovely

If all that you had to find out

Was just about Spain and England,

And a few other lands thereabout;

And the rest of the maps were printed

With pink and yellow to say,

"All this is an unknown region

Where bogies and fairies stay!"

But what is the use of wishing,

Since Columbus sailed over here,

And men keep hunting and 'sploring

And finding more things every year!

Now show me the Yampah River,

And tell me where does it flow?

And how do you bound Montana?

And Utah and Mexico?

EMILY H. MILLER.

For Every Other Sunday.

MISS SUSAN'S THANKSGIVING COMPANY.

BY HELEN T. PREBLE.

THERE, now I'll get my vegetables all fixed and set the table before I change my dress;" and Miss Susan bustled around down cellar, and out in the shed.

The vegetables "fixed," she entered the pleasant dining-room which overlooked the broad fields that stretched almost away over to the big hills near the city, and began to set the table.

"Let me see,—one, two, three, four, five with the baby. I'll put on the little 'A. B. C.' plate Robby had for her."

Miss Susan expected her brother and his wife, with their two children, to spend Thanksgiving with her. It was a custom that had always been followed; for Miss Susan lived at the old home, and brothers and sisters, as long as they lived, had come home to celebrate the day of feasting and thanks. Now there were only two left from a family of five,—Miss Susan and her brother John.

Miss Susan finished her table-setting, and was just starting for the stairs, when a heavy thud from the knocker called her to the door, where a telegram awaited her. She tore it open tremblingly, a telegram not being a common event, and read,— "Can't

come; mother and Fred down with grippe. John L. Snow."

"Dear, dear, and I planned such a good dinner! However will I get rid of that big turkey? How hard it'll be for them, Marthy and Fred both sick! I must not complain."

She went back into the kitchen and looked at the turkey, who was looking ready to burst, and becoming a beautiful brown, and then sat down at the window and looked down the driveway to the street, which was a quarter of a mile or more away.

"How lonesome it is, not to expect any one! It's the first time, and it does seem as if I could n't bear to eat alone on Thanksgiving Day, but I s'pose I must. Who's that coming up the lane? Looks like some one with a box on his shoulders, and seem's if there's a little dog running along beside the road;" for Miss Susan had a habit of talking to herself from being alone so much.

"I declare, if it is n't an organ-grinder and a monkey! My! I don't know when I've seen one before; they don't usually turn up the lane. Guess they know there ain't any children here." By this time the approaching grinder and his monkey had reached the door, and, touching his cap, the grinder unstrapped his organ and began to play, while the monkey careered around him.

"He's only a boy, poor thing, and he looks sick, and there's a hungry look in his face. I really think his eyes are like Robby's, and his hair curls on his forehead like his;" and Miss Susan struggled to keep back the tears, for Robby was her pet brother who died when he was a boy, leaving a wound in her heart that had never healed.

The lad—for that was all he was—struck up "The Campbells Are Coming," and Miss Susan bent her head and wept, for Robby had loved the gay old air.

She hurried out to the door, after another inspection of the turkey,—who could contain himself no longer, and had burst, and was dripping with the savory stuffing with which he was filled.

The monkey hailed her coming with delight, and performed all his tricks in turn, and ended by trotting up to Miss Susan, cap in hand, grinning, chattering, and pulling her apron.

"Go way! Go way! I don't like you; get down!" and she backed away from his salutations. "I haven't any money to give you, but if you want to come in and have some dinner, you are welcome to all the turkey and plum pudding you can eat."

"Can Beppo come?"

"Beppo?"

"He's the monkey, and my name is Antonio."

"Oh, yes—yes, he shall have a drumstick," said Miss Susan, hastily. It was almost more than she had bargained for, having this lively little animal to dinner, but she was greatly pleased with his master, whose eyes and hair were like Robby's.

"You can come in and sit down, Antonio," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "and the monkey can come, too;" this was added rather reluctantly, but she was trying to be generous to the little fellow, who evidently intended to be friends.

Antonio unstrapped his organ, took off his cap, and, ordering Beppo to be quiet, entered the kitchen and sat down on the edge of a chair by the window.

Miss Susan pulled the kitchen table out from the wall and prepared to set it. She was stooping to the linen drawer for a table-cloth, when a low growl startled her, and she looked up. Beppo had spied Prim, the great tiger cat, who was lying in front of the stove, and had danced up to him, talking monkey talk rapidly. Prim's back began to rise, and his tail grew enormous, while his deep growls were threatening. The monkey, however, was not in the least daunted, but advanced still nearer,—a step too far, for Prim's striped paw dealt him a sharp blow which sent him screaming to his master, who sat by enjoying the scene.

"Why, Prim Snow, ar'n't you ashamed—com-

pany—and treat them like that!” but I am sure, in her heart, Miss Susan did n't blame Prim the least bit, or wonder at his dislike.

This adventure had a quieting effect on Beppo, who retired under his master's chair, his beady eyes snapping as he kept a sharp lookout for any advances from the cat.

Miss Susan finished laying the table, dished her food, and giving Prim a bone in the shed and Beppo one on the doorstep, invited Antonio to eat with her.

How the hungry boy enjoyed his dinner! It was such a pleasure to see him eat, and Miss Susan privately wondered how he could find room for it all, and congratulated herself on disposing of a goodly share of the big dinner she had prepared.

By questioning him, she learned that Antonio was alone in the world, with the exception of Beppo, and that he was very tired of the hand-organ and of a travelling life.

“Why don't you do something else?” she asked.

“I can't give up Beppo; he's all the friend I have, and nobody wants him around;” and the boy sighed, and Miss Susan noticed how tired and sick he looked. After dinner he begged to saw some wood; and his hostess, much pleased, allowed him to. He worked away, whistling, and now and then speaking to Beppo, who was watching him from a high beam. Once when Miss Susan passed the door she heard him say, “Don't you wish we lived here, old boy? What? My, but we'd just be in it, would n't we?”

Poor Miss Susan, her conscience was uneasy that night, after she had stowed her company in the attic chamber, and locked all the doors.

“I s'pose I'm foolish, but somehow it looks like my bounden duty to take them two in; but dear me, I always hated monkeys. Antonio seems handy, and I shall need a boy this winter. If it was n't for that creature, I'd keep him in a minute. I'll sleep on it, and perhaps it'll come clear in the morning.”

In the morning, she was sure that it was her “bounden duty” and she asked Antonio to stay, and he accepted, his eyes sparkling with delight.

“Stay, and have Beppo? How good you are! I'll work as hard as I can for you, ma'am,”—a quiet home, with plenty to eat, was like Paradise to the lonely boy.

It was a hard life that Prim led for the next few weeks, for he was old, had been humored, and was jealous. To be sure, it was trying to a cat of dignity to have a capering monkey taking all sorts of advantages, like nipping his tail and boxing his ears; but when he got more used to it, I think he rather enjoyed the change, and liked a little excitement and became reconciled.

As for Miss Susan, she claims that it was a lucky day when Antonio and Beppo found their way up the long driveway, to her heart and home.

A NATIONAL FLOWER.

THEY ask me to vote for a national flower;
Now, which will it be, I wonder?
To settle the question is out of my power,
But I'd rather not make a blunder.

And I love the Mayflower the best in May,
Smiling up from its snow-drift cover,
With its breath that is sweet as a kiss to say
That the reign of winter is over.

And I love the goldenrod, too, for its gold,
And because through autumn it lingers,
And offers more wealth than his hands can hold
To the grasp of the poor man's fingers.

I should vote for them both if I might;
But I do not feel positive whether
The flowers themselves would be neighborly quite,—
Pink and yellow don't go together.

Oh, yes, but they do! In the breezy wild rose,
The darlinest daughter of summer,
Whose heart with the sun's yellow gold overflows,
And whose blushes so well become her.

Instead of one flower I will vote for three;
The Mayflowers know that I mean them,
And the goldenrod surely my choice will be,
With the sweet brier-rose between them.

You see I'm impartial, I've no way but this.

My vote, with a rhyme and a reason,
For the Mayflower, the wild rose, and goldenrod is,
A flower for every season.

LUCY LARCOM.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own. T. EDWARDS.

For Every Other Sunday.

SUCH FUNNY PILLOWS.

BY MAX BENNETT THRASHER.

OH, grandpa! will you not tell us a story, please?” said Arthur Boyden, as he and his brother Frank came into the library where their grandfather had been reading. “We were going up on the Common to sail our boats on the pond, but it has begun to rain, and now we can't go.”

“Yes, please do, grandpa,” added Frank. “Tell us about something which happened when you were a boy.”

“Well, let me see,” said Mr. Boyden. “What shall it be about?”

“Oh, no matter,” said Arthur, as he settled himself on the sofa. “You always tell us good stories about everything.” Then he added, as he gave the sofa pillow a final thump, “Did you have sofa pillows when you were a boy, grandpa?”

“Dear me, no,” was the answer; “nor sofas either. The nearest we had to a sofa was a hard wooden seat which we called a ‘settle.’ It had square arms and a straight back, and stood in one corner of the kitchen, near the fireplace. Sometimes in the cold winter evenings we children would bring it around in front of the fire, and all sit there in a row, and roast apples on the hearth.

“There never was a pillow or a cushion on this settle, though; and as for pillows, we thought we were lucky if we had enough to sleep on. You see, in a new country, such as that was then, and when families were so large,—there were eight of us children,—it was hard to get enough of anything to go round. So we had to use many strange things to help out. Do you remember how those cat-tails, which you brought home with you from the country last fall, fluffed out, when they got dry, in the winter?”

“Oh, yes, I remember,” said Frank. “I know I knocked one of them down, one day, and the fluff flew all over the room, just like feathers.”

“Yes,” said his grandpa; “just like feathers. And we gathered them to use in the place of feathers. Every fall we children would go down into a big swamp, at the head of the lake, near where we lived, and gather several bags full of the heads,—all we could bring home. Then we would dry them, and pull the down off, and mother would use it to fill the beds and pillows. It was very soft and nice at first, but it would break up after a while, so that they had to be filled fresh every year.

“The nicest of anything, though, that we could get in this way, was the down of the milkweed pods.”

“Oh, yes! I know that,” said Arthur. “Aunt Jennie has some of that which she gathered up at Jackson sewed into a little lace bag. She only uses it to look pretty, though.”

“Yes,” said Frank; “and don't you know she has a bunch of fluffy white flowers made of the same kind of seeds, which are beautiful?”

“It is very soft and pretty,” continued Mr. Boyden; “but it is much more scarce, and much harder to get than the cat-tails. Mother was always very choice of the pillows which we made of the milkweeds. I remember when Emmeline,—that was my oldest sister,—was married we younger children gathered enough of the milkweed down to make her four pillows, and it took us a long time to do it.”

“How funny,” said Arthur. “Would n't it look odd now to see in the list of wedding presents in the papers, ‘four milkweed pillows’?”

“I think,” said Mr. Boyden, looking out of the window, “that it has stopped raining.”

“Why, so it has!” said Arthur, “and we can sail our boats, after all. Thank you for the story, grandpa.”

“Yes,” said Frank. Then he added, “Will you not come with us?”

“You may go ahead,” said Mr. Boyden, “and I will come a little later, and join you.”

So the boys went to get their boats.

Nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

BLAIR.

For Every Other Sunday.

EDNA'S CHRISTMAS.

BY ELEANOR ROOT.

SHE put her head in her hands and sobbed. Poor little Edna! There did not seem to be any niche in the world for her. At first, when her mamma had died and Mrs. Brown had taken her home, she felt as if she were welcome, and her child-heart overflowed with love and gratitude. But now it was all so different! Her little feet were just as tireless running to and fro on errands, helping with the dishes, taking care of the baby,—but it was not the same.

“They do not want me—they do not want me!” she repeated to herself sadly. She tried to eat less and to do more, so that she would not be a burden. Her happy, round little face grew pitifully pale and sad. There were no unkind words, but, for all that, her heart was chilled through at times. What should she do without the baby,—her baby! she asked herself again and again, rapturously kissing him. And the baby would gurgle and crow, and smooth his chubby face over her cheeks, and pull her hair, and pick at her eyes, and do all the pretty little things which only babies know how to do. And then Edna would forget, and be happy in a childlike way that made one glad to see.

But one day the little baby died, and it seemed to Edna that all the brightness had gone out of her life. Then it was that Mrs. Brown had told her that she would have to go to the poorhouse.

At first Edna had not cared so much,—she was thinking all the time about the baby,—but when her few poor little things were packed up, and she had clambered into the poorhouse wagon and was being carried away to the “county farm,” she began to realize something of what it meant, and the big tears rolled down her cheeks.

Her heart sank still farther within her when the poorhouse was at last reached, and she followed the matron through the long, dark hall. What faces most of those she saw had! It seemed to her as if there were hardly an open, good countenance among them. Even the little children's faces were old, and cunning, and sharpened beyond belief. She shuddered as she looked at them. Would she ever become like them?

But just then a beautiful thing happened to Edna,—just then, before she had even taken off her things.

"Mrs. Strawn," said a young woman, rushing up to the matron with an important air, "there's a fine gentleman and a missus at the door, and they say they want to see you immedjetly,—them was their very words,—immedjetly!"

The matron left Edna standing in the middle of the floor with her bundle, and followed the messenger. A few minutes later she returned.

"My dear," she said obsequiously, "it's your uncle. He's a fine gentleman, and he's just come a long ways, and he's going to raise you!"

Her uncle! It must be her father's brother whom they had not heard from for years,—and he had come for her! Edna's heart gave a great beat, and then seemed to stop as these thoughts passed through her mind. She would have fallen had not the matron taken hold of her shoulders and shaken her good-naturedly.

"Come, come," she said, "chirk up; it'll all be fine sailing for you now!"

And indeed times *had* changed for Edna. She was taken to a beautiful home, the like of which she had never seen before,—with soft velvety carpets on which she was almost afraid to tread,—they were so beautiful,—and silken hangings, and mirrors, and marvellous pictures, and, above all, a piano and a beautiful golden harp! To the little girl who had never known anything but privation and poverty, even when the dear mother-love was hers, it seemed a paradise, and she had to pinch herself and open her eyes very wide to be sure that she was not dreaming!

And how can I tell of the new love which filled her heart to overflowing, and the recounting again and again to her of her uncle's adventures in South America, and his search for his sister and Edna after his return, and his tracing them and losing them, and then finding Edna just as she was entering the poorhouse? And of the plans for the coming days,—for Edna was to go to school, and take music lessons, and learn to play on the piano and the harp,—what? I cannot tell the half! I can only say that Edna felt that she was the very happiest girl in the whole world, and that, indeed, she ought to be.

One evening, just before Christmas, as they sat around the glowing grate talking, her aunt said: "Erastus, Christmas is Edna's birthday, and I think she ought to be allowed to choose a present for herself. Give me some money, dear, and we'll go down town to-morrow morning and see if we can't get just the right thing." Edna's uncle took a great fat wallet from his pocket and handed it to his wife with a smile. The little girl's eyes sparkled, but she was not thinking of herself.

"O auntie—uncle"—she began, and stopped.

"What is it, dear?" they said.

"I was just thinking of those poor children at the poorhouse," she went on. "I wish I could give them something to make it a happy day for them! If I could take *that* for my Christmas present! Oh, they looked so miserable and unhappy, and as if they had never had a kind word or anything good happen to them in all their lives!" She hid her face in her aunt's lap and sobbed. The two older people looked at each other and nodded emphatically, and Edna's uncle said, a little unsteadily, as he blew his nose, "It shall be just as you say, my dear!"

So the next day there was the choosing of a beautiful Christmas-tree for the children, and wonderful gilded tapers to put on it, and strings of glittering tinsel, and tiny lanterns, and fancy pieces of candy. And, besides, there were ribbons and collars and aprons for the girls, and knives and caps and neckties for the boys, and fruits and pictures and pretty handkerchiefs and books for all! Oh, it was glorious! Edna felt at times as though she could hardly breathe for happiness.

And what fun that night, popping and stringing the corn, with auntie and uncle both children again

as they ran races with Edna to see which should get the longest string!

And then dressing the tree! That was the best—ah, no, not the best! I forget the moment when the children were ushered into the poorhouse parlor, where the tree had been smuggled the night before, and where they stood dazed, as fairyland confronted them instead of the gloomy, bare room they knew so well. There were lamps with gauzy shades which threw colored radiance around; there were bright pictures and soft rugs; but, above all, there was the wonderful, beautiful Christmas-tree!

Some of the children laughed outright and clapped their hands, throwing away in a moment, as it were, all the dullness and sadness of their lives. Some gave little gasps of delight and stood as if too happy to move, and two or three of the older girls began to cry. Edna's uncle looked from the dark-robed group to Edna, who hovered over them like a beneficent fairy.

"Surely it is more blessed to give than to receive," he said to himself.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE happiness of Thanksgiving Day shines in this number of **EVERY OTHER SUNDAY**; and we have a little Christmas story by way of still further anticipation. May the turkey taste sweet in the mouths of all our readers, and above all, may there be turkey on every table, or something equally Thanksgiving-like.

Why be thankful? For home and friends; for schools and books; for our glorious country and flag; for the chance to do something noble, and to be something useful.

When the Editor was a boy he thought his friend Tona, who had a rabbit, the most to be envied of all his mates. And even now the Editor wishes he had a white friend of this kind, hopping about, poking nose into pockets, and acting like an affectionate little thing. The picture on page 45 shows a regular morning scene at Jamie Higginson's house.

As to the picture on the opposite page, that carries us way over to Cairo, the great city in Egypt. Donkey boys are full of life and mischief, with a love of play. After leading donkeys, whipping and talking to them, these waifs sit on the ground and have games. So it goes in the wide world,—some sunshine everywhere.

LETTER-BOX.

WINCHENDON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR,—Mt. Hermon, the highest mountain in Syria, is nine thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the Mediterranean Sea. The ridge of Hermon, rising into a dome-shaped summit, is twenty miles long, extending northeast and southwest. The formation is hard limestone. It is the highest point of Syria, ten thousand feet high. In spring it is covered with snow, but in autumn the snow all disappears. To the height of five hundred feet, it is covered with oaks and brush. The summit is a plateau, from which three rocky knolls rise up. The view from Mt. Hermon is very extensive, embracing all Lebanon, the plains east of Damascus, with Palestine, as far as Carmel and Tabor. On the sides of Mt. Hermon there are several small temples, twelve of which have been explored. Foxes, wolves, and bears are commonly found on Hermon, with various kinds of game.

MABEL J. SPALTER.

ST. CLOUD, MINN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We go to the Unitarian Sunday School. In the **EVERY OTHER SUNDAY**, October 11, there were some very nice stories. We go to school every day. We are constant readers of the **EVERY OTHER SUNDAY**. Rev. C. F. Brown is our minister; we like him very much. We are cousins. Yours truly,

ADA HOLES and MYRA ELDRID.

BROOKFIELD, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR,—I enclose an enigma containing nineteen letters; it is my first attempt at making puzzles. I have read many stories in the **EVERY OTHER SUNDAY** and think them nice. I shall be pleased to see my puzzle in the **EVERY OTHER SUNDAY**. I remain,

Your earnest reader,

I. M. S.

WORD PUZZLE.

How many young people can make seventy words from the name of a famous Unitarian,—Martineau?

ANAGRAM.

VREYE udclo ahs a lrievs gilnin.

R. P. H.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A CONSONANT. Used for grain. A flowing stream. A boy's nickname. A consonant.

MARIA HEATH.

ENIGMA XV.

I AM composed of thirty-seven letters.

My 5, 6, 19, 16, 23, 2, 25, is one of King David's sons.

My 1, 7, 17, 32, 27, 29, 23, 34, 25, is a city of Palestine.

My 11, 24, 10, 34, 28, 9, 33, is a book of the Bible.

My 23, 24, 8, 9, 35, 7, 37, are members of a tribe of Israelitish priests.

My 20, 16, 22, 7, 17, 4, 26, 30, 23, 34, is a tent and place of worship.

My 26, 15, 9, 21, 12, 31, 21, 17, is one of the priests of King David's time.

My 14, 5, 35, 3, 29, 18, is a prophet of King David's time.

My 1, 13, 29, 6, is a captain of King David's army. My whole is the name of our pastor and the town and State in which we live.

RICHARD ELLIS.

ENIGMA XVI.

I CONSIST of sixteen letters.

My 1, 15, 12, 2, is the past tense of go.

My 13, 3, 4, 5, 6, is a deep ravine.

My 7, 8, 9, 10, is done on Monday.

My 11, 16, is the opposite of out.

My 14 is a consonant.

My whole is one of the presidents.

R. A. DAWES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 4.

Enigma X. The Old Clock on the Stairs.

Enigma XI. James Monroe.

Enigma XII. He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth.

Charade. Nightingale.

Anagram. Blessed are the poor in spirit.

SQUARE WORD.

D A G O
A N N A
G N A T
O A T S

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